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The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
Petals on a wet, black bough.

EZRA POUND

CORADDI

Woman's College
University of North Carolina
Greensboro, North Carolina

May 1962

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LANDSCAPE
Pencil
Sue Lemmond

without knowing it, my escape was an escape
into, rather than an escape from;
behind, o how endless the terror had seemed
robed in black, big, black tantalizing terror,
small southern terror, suspicious as a white magnolia
on a hidden afternoon; I ran from my mother's lace hands
my father's lace panties, dearer to me had she
been than he, who hadn't a hidden purpose
hadn't an anything hidden, who bore children,
countless children, spotting the south, with brows
so wide the horizon could have been quite easily
washed across any of them, who sought the sun
like a cat seeks a ribbon being pulled around
the facing of a door, all, on the other side of the world,
had hearts, which did not beat in them; dull
were they at home, and all were artists.

contained in me was a black seed I did not know about
Seven was my name—who was already fire and ice together;
and nothing I did not know was something to me.
I was both wind and stillness in the same small tree,
one with my brother, who had a brown hand too
and full of wings, who had a gentle mouth
and waiting eyes, who died a summer death
in the middle of winter, what I did not know
all of a sudden became something to me
and I spoke no longer in words, nor flew in the air
as a simple kite; I was running through the
slow southern earth, who brought me to it
was nowhere in sight, I was running on the
edge of the River where no one went
where my grandfather worked his dredgings
and where he said niggers went to hell
I was running in silence with a pin in my throat.

green willows became the hair on my shoulders
(mother's voice, like the voice of all mothers
whispered cut that hair) but I could not pain
a living thing, and knew they could not either
who were artists. She, the smallest one, possessed
the heart of a kangaroo, in whose pouch was a pallate
of colours, she painted her days, or they would not
begin, she was both strange and wild and fled
at all callings, when I said to him my name
he did not hear, but answered me with music;
all his fingers dwelled in ivory houses, all his
tiny heart was full of song; he did not know
I listened; whose hair was where I rested,
from him it was most difficult to run.

no one came for me; and I cuddled with my head
upon my breast and studied the rain,
and remembered the forest where I had left my children
remembered the lace on my father's hands
and my mother's pain when she bore me,
what was in all the lights of my Australia
was waiting for me, what I would say was stuffed
in my breast pocket, what the answer would be
was written in a childlike scrawl beneath a
blinking mad marquee, how it was that I had run
into the forest of dry heat, and not out of it
and that in that sweeping misdirection
was a post card I would send to the south
with the names of small artists upon it;
and on the back I would print in southern slanting print,
what do you think of your sister who has run away?

PEGGY KENT

O'NEILL: *THE ICEMAN COMETH*

Jessie Rosenberg

The story of man's struggle with life, his battle with fate and circumstance or with destiny is a well-known theme in world literature. It is sometimes a triumphant tale, epic in its magnitude, but in recent literature, it is more often a tragic portrayal of man pitted against a world which he has, in part, created, and from which he desires escape. Eugene O'Neill's *The Icedman Cometh* is basically concerned with the struggle of seventeen men against the memory of the misery and failures of their individual lives. It is a tragic play, for tragedy may be found within the various themes and within several of the characters; however, it is also a play which is constructed on many levels, so that some characters are ultimately more pathetic than tragic, while others lend a special brand of touching humour to the play, lighting up the darkness of the general tone. *The Icedman Cometh* is a true representation of the real despair experienced by men who have isolated themselves, and who have created collectively an unreal world. The actuality of their shadowy, empty and unreal lives is perhaps the greatest tragedy, the greatest irony, and O'Neill creates this world in a way that is sensitive and sympathetic, and with perception and knowledge which permit him to endow his characters with traits which are inevitably genuine.

The residents of Harry Hope's Hotel, including Hope and his employees, spend the majority of their time sunk in alcoholic stupors, for it is here that they are safe and secure, and it is through drink that they create the haven in which they endure. Each strives for escape for individual reasons, but the escape itself is a united, collective occupation, for it is a close and strangely symbiotic society which they have created, and they are bound to each other through their pipe dreams and through the act of escaping itself. They are united by their weakness, their failures and by the reality of time—by their fear of past, present and future. They are also joined by their mutual care for Hickey, the generous salesman whom they await annually—who appears each year on Hope's birthday, willing to treat all to whiskey, and filled with laughter, gaiety and kindness. Hickey is at first an active agent who aids in the escape and unites the lost men in their isolation. The majority of the characters are almost completely lost, and there are some who are weaker than others, but some have not yet relinquished their hold on reality totally. Perhaps the best example of the latter is to be found in the character of Larry Slade, ex-Syndicalist-Anarchist, who is known to the boarders affectionately as the Old Foolosopher.

Larry is a complex character, and his significance in the play is major, for he is truly a tragic figure. A sensitive, intelligent man, Larry's life was once centered around the Movement, in which he claims to have lost faith, and around the mother of Don Parritt, whom he finally, hopelessly abandoned because of her all-consuming devotion to the Movement in which Larry could no longer believe, and which ultimately separated her from Larry both morally and spiritually. Describing his reasons for leaving the Movement to Rocky, the bartender, Larry ironically says,

I saw men didn't want to be saved from themselves, for that would mean they'd have to give up greed, and they'll never pay that price for liberty. So I said to the world, God bless all here, and may the best man win and die of gluttony! And I took a seat in the grandstand of philosophical detachment to fall asleep observing the cannibals do their death dance.

Larry is outwardly cynical and sneers at his fellow doomed companions, but beneath the surface, he is a kind and gentle person, unable to live with the stupidity, falseness and misery which he finds in life, and yet strangely still afraid to loosen his hold on life—frightened by the midnight of death, craving it, yet fearful of its unknown prospects. He is perceptive, sensitive of others and of himself, though he is also capable of trying to deceive both, even though his efforts are seldom successful. He tries desperately, constantly, to isolate himself from life, though until Hickey's visit his efforts are fruitless, reiterating sardonically, "I've nothing left to give, and I want to be left alone," or later, when trying to convince others, but mostly himself, once again of his position, pleading,

All I know is I'm sick of life! I'm through! I've forgotten myself! I'm drowned and contented on the bottom of the bottle. Honor or dishonor, faith or treachery are nothing to me but the opposites of the same stupidity which is ruler and king of life, and in the end they rot into dust in the same grave. All things are the same meaningless joke to me, for they grin at me from the one skull of death. So go away.

Larry is basically frightened by both life and death, and he hangs suspended between the two, clutching when necessary at the line of his resistance to both, the bottle. He feels that he must, by isolating himself, force all to believe that he alone has forsaken all pipe dreams—that he alone is honest with himself. He has moments, throughout the drama, of clear and truthful insight into both his real nature and into the lives of those around him, but he stubbornly and persistently defends himself from these flashes of reality. He tells Parritt that he has not written Parritt's mother, whom he actually loves, because "I've gotten beyond the desire to communicate with the world—or, what's more to the point, let it bother me any more with its greedy madness." His problem, he says, is that he "... was born condemned to be one of those who has to see all sides of a question. When you're damned like that, the questions multiply for you until in the end it's all question and no answer." He repeatedly claims to be "... a philosophical drunken bum, and proud of it," and quotes Heine sardonically—"Lo, sleep is good; death is death: in sooth/The best of all were never to be born."

Larry is a tragic figure because he alone is able ultimately to accept his life, to acknowledge the truth about himself and others. He is transformed at the play's end in that he affirms the impossibility of remaining in the grandstand of life, and accepts, even truthfully hopes

for, death's arrival, for with it will come his true peace. "I'll never be a success in the grandstand—or anywhere else!" he cries. "Life is too much for me! I'll be a weak fool looking with pity at the two sides of everything till the day I die! May that day come soon! . . . From the bottom of my coward's heart I mean that now!" The outcome of his battle is both triumphant and tragic—triumphant in that he is able to live finally in honesty with himself and with the world, and tragic in that the world no longer matters to him—death is the world for which he hopefully waits.

Larry is also the instrument through which O'Neill skillfully introduces the other characters in the play, for revealed through Larry's explanations to Parritt are the individual failures which prompted each man to escape into the unreal world which inhabits the back room of Hope's Hotel. Through Larry's conversation also the general atmosphere and the basic qualities of this isolated, lost society are disclosed. When Parritt asks, "What kind of a joint is it, anyway?" Larry, with typical cynicism, yet with ironic truth, replies, "What is it? It's the No Chance Saloon. It's Bedrock Bar, The End of the Line Cafe, the Bottom of the Sea Rathskeller! . . . it's the last harbor." He explains, in his sardonic, philosophical way, that it is here that these few men are allowed to protect and nurture their few remaining pipe dreams in peace, and then one by one, the characters are introduced by Larry, or rouse themselves from their alcoholic sleep long enough to identify themselves to Parritt, and, therefore, to the audience.

First to be introduced is Hugo Kalmar. Once editor of Anarchist periodicals, Hugo is beyond consciousness during most of the action, and emerges from his alcoholic oblivion only long enough to mutter repetitive phrases which are either gross and threatening demands, strengthened by his guttural accent, or the poetical lines, "The days grow hot, O Babylon! 'Tis cool beneath thy willow trees!" He has been dumped by the Movement as incompetent, and his entire life is now centered around escaping from this knowledge. However, he deludes himself in even a more basic way, because though he claims love for the Movement, love for the proletariat, in actuality, he is an aristocrat at heart, and shows this when, through the vapors of drunkenness, he shouts, "I love only the proletariat! I will lead them! I will be like Gott to them! They will be my slaves!"

Hugo's incessant quotation "The Days grow hot, O Babylon . . ." is a by-word among the boarders, a word that links them together in their own private world. It also becomes a basic unifying factor in the play, for it symbolizes in the final action the return to safety—the return to drink and pipe dreams and security for all the characters with the exception of Larry, Hickey and Parritt. Hugo's quotation is the password into oblivious isolation, and it promises all that the lost characters crave. It is also one of the two rather strange Biblical references to be found in the play. The second appears when Larry speaks of Hickey's preparations for Hope's birthday party—"Be God, it's a second feast of Belshazzar, with Hickey to do the writing on the wall!" These quotations are especially significant because they, in some way, lend strength to the basic question of morality involved with the death of Parritt, and with the return of the boarders to their pipe dreams.

Cecil Lewis, "The Captain," and Piet Wetjoen, "The

General," are characters, who, while minor, are essential to the play, for it is they who lend a sense of pathetic humour, lessening the darkness around them with their jovial hatred of each other. Lewis, once a captain of the British infantry, who hides behind his lost heroism, and Wetjoen, a one time leader of a Boer commando, who still clings to the dream that he may return to his country without disgrace, are closest friends, but their raging battles provide entertainment for both themselves and their fellow drinkers. Ed Mosher and Pat McGloin, relatives of Hope's who leech and live off good-hearted Harry, are weak characters who are running from responsibility and, in Pat's case, from crime. They are greedy, avaricious, parasitic—totally unfit for the society which demands strength and work from them both.

James Cameron, or "Jimmy Tomorrow," once a correspondent during the Boer war, is the leader of what Larry calls "our Tomorrow Movement," and this is indeed his pipe dream. By assuring himself that he will rectify his situation tomorrow, he is able to live in the present, and in thus doing, can likewise forget the past—forget that he was glad that his wife left him, forget that it was not she who was the cause of his drunkenness, but he himself. He denies that his life is ruined, denies that he was the agent of his own destruction, and clings to the falsehood that love unfulfilled was the direct cause of his downfall.

Joe Mott, once the proprietor of a fabulous Negro gambling house, now lives in his past glory, and when confronted by Hickey, flares out against racial persecution, demanding the status which he feels is rightfully his, while Pearl, Margie and Cora hide behind a definition—claiming to be tarts and denying the fact that they are, in reality, whores—a thing too despicable for them to admit. Rocky, the night bartender, uses the same method of escape, denying the fact that he is a pimp, and setting himself up as a kind businessman, aiding the girls in financial affairs. Cora and Chuck, the day bartender, dream that they will be respectably married, and will reside on an idyllic farm, forgetting the past, and Chuck is certain that at that time he will gladly relinquish his right to periodical drunks.

Don Parritt comes to Hope's looking for peace and for absolution from the crime which he willfully committed. Unloved and placed in a secondary position to the Movement by his mother, he has had her imprisoned, which is worse than Hickey's crime of murder, for, as he tells Larry, "You know what I did is a much worse murder. Because she is dead and yet she has to live . . . But she can't live long in jail. She loves freedom too much . . . She'll never have a second's peace." His betrayal is his one act of defiance, his one moment of strength and revenge, though it is, at the same time, the act which destroys him. Now, as Hickey says, ". . . he has to be punished, so he can forgive himself. He's lost all his guts. He can't manage it alone . . ." and, therefore, he returns to the only father he has ever known, to Larry—the Larry who is busily disengaging himself from life and from the memory of the past.

Parritt, to Larry, is reality and the obligations which accompany society. In order to help Parritt, Larry must involve himself once more—he must judge, he must decide, and though his final decision does force Larry into this hated position, thereby causing Parritt's suicide, which is morally necessary, this action is the termination

of Larry's struggle and the end of his self-deception. It may be argued that Parritt is a tragic character, but he lacks the qualities which tragedy necessarily requires, and it is rather Larry's tragedy and his triumph which are symbolized by Parritt's death, for he is the agent of the suicide, and Parritt gains final peace and release only through Larry's judgment.

O'Neill molds the character Hickey in such a way that his actions and his significance in the play are both symbolic and ironic, for Hickey was once the perpetrator of oblivion for the boarders at Hope's—he was the standing member of their legion of the forgotten, and his presence brought some spark of lightness and gaiety into their midst. They wait for Hickey as some wait for salvation or peace, but his arrival brings unwanted truth and reality into their lives, and he extends destruction and chaos in place of his usual willingness to join them in escaping.

Hickey, who has hidden behind the pipe dream that he has loved his wife, comes preaching reality in a prophetic and religious-like manner, determined to rescue his friends from their dishonesty and wasted lives. He tells Cora, "Tell de gang I'll be along in a minute. I'm just finishin' figuring out de best way to save dem and bring dem peace." And later he tells his friends, in his now characteristic admonishing tone,

Well, I finally had the guts to face myself and throw overboard the damned lying pipe dream that'd been making me miserable, and do what I had to do for the happiness of all concerned—and then all at once I found I was at peace with myself and I didn't need booze any more. That's all there was to it.

6

One by one he approaches the gang, disturbing their isolation, rippling the waters of their security, nudging them into actively facing, for once, the reality of their lives, destroying the protection of their dreams—the dreams which they do not wish to relinquish, which they cannot sacrifice, since these few dreams are reality to them now, and since the world which they have escaped through their lies holds nothing for them but despair. Forcing all to enter the world outside the back room of Hope's, Hickey realizes that the men will return broken and without hope, but he insanely believes that this action will save them, will bring, through honesty, salvation from drink and from fantasy.

It is ironic that while Hickey symbolizes reality and the necessity of being honest to the men at Hope's, he is, in actuality, living in unreality himself, for Hickey is lying, and he too is protecting himself by living in yet another pipe dream—the dream that he killed his wife to rid her of him and the misery which he inevitably brought her. In reality, he, like Hope, was glad to see her die, was happy to rid himself of her complete unsettling devotion, glad to kill, at last, his conscience. It is also pathetically ironic that in his inability at first to accept the truth about himself, Hickey gives back to his friends the isolation and pipe dreams which he has striven to destroy, for in protecting himself by claiming insanity, he erases his actions toward the gang, allowing

them to return unharmed to their unreal world. In one moment of mad exasperation, however, he too realizes the truth, for he says to the policeman Moran, "God, you're a dumb dick! Do you suppose I give a damn about life now? Why, you bonehead, I haven't got a single damned lying hope or pipe dream left!" But immediately afterward he protests, as the reality of his situation becomes too immensely real, crying, "All I want you to see is I was out of my mind afterwards, when I laughed at her! Why Evelyn was the only thing on God's earth I ever loved!"

Hickey is the mad prophet of both salvation and destruction, and he is also the Iceman—he is death. On his previous visits, his Iceman joke had been the standard symbol for laughter and unity among the group, but on his present visit, Hickey never mentions the Iceman, though the others speak of him constantly in frightened or prophetic tones. Rocky, in fury over Hickey's activities, threatens Hickey, shouting, "Remember dat, or you'll wake up in a hospital—or maybe worse, wid your wife and de iceman walkin' slowly behind yuh." The group derisively kid Hickey about his wife and the iceman, but the effect is ironic, for they do not know yet that Hickey's wife is dead—that the ice man actually has taken her from Hickey. Larry instinctively feels that there is something wrong with Hickey, and he knows that Hickey has brought death with him to Hope's. He connects Hickey and the iceman as one when he says, "I'd get blind to the world now if it was the Iceman of Death himself treating! . . . Well, be God, it fits, for Death was the Iceman Hickey called to his home!" And later, he says to Hickey of Parritt, "It's the peace of death you've brought him."

Hugo, out of his alcoholic oblivion, strengthens the connection when he mutters, "He was selling death to me, that crazy salesman," and Larry, in the closing sentence of the play, cries, "Be God, I'm the only real convert to death Hickey made here." There is a connection between Hickey and Parritt which they and Larry recognize, but the feeling of familiarity between the two, though they have never met, is explained when Larry says to Hickey, ". . . the poor tortured bastard," and later of Parritt, "Go, for the love of Christ, you mad tortured bastard, for your own sake!" Hickey and Parritt are alike in that they both must die in order to find peace, for they have no pipe dreams to bring them death in life, and must end their torture through the final escape. Furthermore, their sacrifice enables their friends to resume their escape—they, through death, give life once more to those they leave behind.

The characters are separated but ultimately united by Hickey, and his visit ironically saves them all—saves Parritt by forcing Larry to pass the death sentence, saves Larry himself by compelling him to forsake his dreams, and rescues the remaining characters by restoring them to their worlds of fantasy. It is a tragic salvation which the Iceman offers, and the triumph of the united voices chorusing "The days grow hot, O Babylon . . .", the sight of Larry sitting quietly in his self-revelation, is both painful and satisfying, horrible, but bitterly good.



INTERIOR
Woodcut
Wen Chi Kao

I

The teasing warmth of winter inside-out runs through me,
Shaking my sweater topsy-turvy down my shoulder
Until I pull it up again.
We wander through the names and wonder at the faces
That closed themselves forever, as it says.
I rip at plastic flowers wishing for a little living gift
And then the fun is gone with five lost lambs
And we go, too, hurrying.
But then we wrinkle up time's cover, face the sun, and
Review the grotesque granite with a smile. Inside I make
My mystic lists and build my bridges, wave not at others
But at you, and leave my sweater falling on my arm.

II

I stand alone, alone discovered by the crowd
That comes to hear the concert that we talked about
And they do not know or they do not remember
That your arms pillowed me, just two days before,
Beside this small and early-budding tree.

Now I wait for others, and I make changes
In my position to mark my earlier claim.
Here with me only is the toeless cold where
Pain takes joy by its ankle and tumbles it
Absurdly down the slope into a tree.
And from this place where beauty held us both
I look up at shifting branches,
Forming an arm to hold a moon that is not there.

III

The early pretty talk and gesture, that decked rented newness
With an insubstantial glow, subsides and with its departure
Takes the lustre from the daisy-sequined walls.
A wordless chill rises with tomorrow's sun and moves
Black subterranean shapes. They twine and swivel back
To couch their shaded heads in heavy stillness
And the widened reddened effort of our emerging eyes
Recalls the stone-fall of their tears.
One broken empty limb rejects me as I leave
And I rush from a fearful grayness to the dark.

IV

Midway between rejection and despair
Summer springs from rain and Barbara counts the chairs.
Those cold hard brown steel backs measured out her constancy
Before she skipped away because of me.
Then we too left to find more proper places
Though I could find no hands to hide my face
My tears were only mine, however indiscreet
My legs unaware were mine led staggering by my feet.
What of mine was yours that you were reaching for
Until you held me fast, rejecting even more?
Three hundred-fifty-five seats folded down and waiting
Thirty-seven steps, six bars and a leaf in the grating,
Twenty-five parking places, ridiculously designated
By two sterile curves; undetermined, uncreated.
Positioned among numbers, plans, and markings
Never guided in to a spot worth taking
Except to be ordered off that spot
Because asphalt is correct while grass is not
I make my self a way-breaker for those who go
An obstacle of longing for anyone who knows
That now the wrong is not parquet or thick-closed doors
A silence stole across our minds before the angel raised her sword.

do not ask what I shall do on this
for I am of the wind, a blowing thi
and do not know where I shall hang
or when the winter wind will freeze
and bury you inside, my summer gna

Woodcut
Pat Bordon

Disdaining to say
how her soul went away
Floriana denied
that her soul merely died
on an afternoon ride
in the heat of the day.

PEGGY KENT



Centered around the late nineteenth century anarchist movement in England, *The Princess Casamassima* is a novel of conflict on both the individual and the social level, each being reflective of the other. The hero, Hyacinth Robinson, with all his individuality, is the embodiment of the contradicting complexities of the society in which he lives. At a time when England was ripe for revolutionary movements, the circumstances of Hyacinth's birth and parentage place within his veins the same incongruous blood that pulsates throughout the country. The tendencies within him—the plebeian and the aristocratic, the creative and the destructive—are the same that threaten England with civil strife. The situation of conflict is further complicated by the interaction of concrete personalities and opposition of character within the social structure. The cosmos of James' novel revolves around a group of malcontents, both patrician and proletarian, united in a "cause" by selfish motives as well as by humanitarian ones. The revolutionary zeal is primarily economic, and it is with the introduction of human and spiritual values that its various apostles begin to fall away from its vortex.

For Hyacinth Robinson the experience of anarchism follows the course of an inherited religion subjected to the complications and vicissitudes of emotionalism, education, and introspective enlightenment. Born an outcast because of his illegitimacy, the sensitive hero is introduced to the phenomena of social injustice by a pacifist neighbor dissatisfied with the inequalities around him and whose own waning socialistic sympathies foreshadow the evolution of Hyacinth's fate. Mr. Vetch "outlived the democratic glow of his prime" without being destroyed by it, while Hyacinth, a generation later, embraces the cause with a vehemence, action, and commitment sufficient to destroy him. From the time he understands the memorable incident in his childhood when Miss Pynsent took him to the wretched woman dying in prison, Hyacinth is permeated with an overwhelming humility and shame that is long in being supplanted. Young, inexperienced, and impressionable, he is ready to champion unquestioningly what are revealed as far-reaching, humanitarian ideals. The underground movement in which Hyacinth involves himself catches him up like an evangelical revival, exciting in him a sudden fervor to pledge his life while a yet unawakened youth. *The Princess Casamassima* traces the dissolution of his youthful idols and the evolution of his self-annihilating, but fulfilling maturity.

The ambivalent force generating Hyacinth's maturity is embodied in the Princess Casamassima. Sincerely repentant for having "sold herself for a title and a fortune," Christina Light is seeking a grand cause in which to expiate her frivolity and to dissolve her *ennui*. While wanting to give herself to seriousness, the Princess is by nature a *capricciosa*; profound in her discontent, and passionate in her execution, she is nevertheless frivolous in her humanitarian zeal. She wants to fascinate and be fascinated. In her early encounters with Hyacinth she is both refreshingly frank and distastefully pedantic, and she is amused by the naivety of such a "curious animal" in the midst of aristocratic splendor. From the beginning, her conceit and delight in power are revealed: she likes to hear Hyacinth talk of the social strata, and in her presence he is humility incarnate. "Why shouldn't I have my bookbinder after all? . . . It would be awfully *chic*," she informs the hero; and at the begin-

ning of his stay at Medley she instructs him: "Please remember this: you cease to be insignificant from the moment I've anything to do with you."

The Princess is most accurately seen through the eyes of Mme. Grandoni, who serves throughout the novel as the focus of perception. The only character who understands the Princess from the time of her introduction and her only true friend, Mme. Grandoni is at the same time the person most concerned with sparing Christina's victims. She is cynical and sometimes rude, but she is totally truthful, unselfish, sympathetic, and generous. She warns Hyacinth again and again to be wary and avert the fate that the Princess will bring on him, but she is doomed to a Cassandra-like role. Not only does her advice to him go unheeded, but she is broken and consumed for her fidelity. From the moment that Hyacinth kisses the ribbons of the Princess's dress and resolves to prolong his stay at Medley, he passes into her power. His innocence, his idealism, his humility, and his vivid sensitivity to beauty prevent him from heeding the various warnings he receives. When Captain Sholto meets Hyacinth near Medley, his foreboding information falls on deaf ears,

. . . there are some mysteries you can't see into unless you happen to have a little decent human feeling, what's commonly called a bit of heart. The Princess isn't troubled with that sort of thing, though doubtless just now you may think it her strong point. One of these days you'll see,"

because Hyacinth has already been caught up by her enchantment.

James early observes that "the Princess had an extraordinary way of taking things for granted, of ignoring difficulties, of assuming that her preferences might be translated into fact." The prophetic implications of this passage regarding the Princess's quest for reality grow progressively more formidable. She does not see people: she sees an abstract, grand-scale thing to support in the name of the people, but she cannot see the soul of humanity. People are symbols for her. In contrast to Hyacinth's gradual awakening she lapses more and more into delusion. Her values are wrong side out. She looks for people to represent the values, rather than deriving the values from the spirit of the people. She first contrives the acquaintance with Hyacinth because he is the embodiment of an abstract. Humanitarian that she intends to be, her true calling is revealed at the interview with Mr. Vetch, who comes to beg her assistance in disentangling Hyacinth from associations and commitments with the anarchists. She tells the old man that his visit "has been interesting, because you've been one of our friend's influences"—a bitingly cruel remark to make to the voluntary father on such a mission. He has entertained her by his concern. In diverting Mr. Vetch, who comes to beg her assistance in disentangling Hyacinth she is protecting her own resources of fascination, excitement, and action. An idea flashed to her. By pleading Hyacinth's release from the commitment, she might transplant it to herself and indulge her lust for danger.

. . . she wasn't a woman to be directed and regulated—she could take other people's meanings but could never take their forms . . . The Princess was an embodied passion—she was not a system: and her behaviour, after all, was more addressed to

relieving herself than to relieving others.

Hyacinth Robinson, as the Princess's victim, is not totally unlike her. Both are highly idealistic, both were drawn to the "enchantment" of the socialistic movement by romantic dreams of raising the common man. The irony lies in the fact that Hyacinth, while he was born among the mass, is more disinterested in the endeavor than the aristocratic Princess. He has a real humility and a natural nobility which Christina, despite her dignity, lacks. Another irony arises from the fact that Hyacinth, while instated temporarily in the ranks of privilege that the Princess has always known, derives some human values from the contradictions that confront him; yet the Princess only perpetuates her blindness through the association of the "people" for whose cause she chose to bear a banner. While abroad, Hyacinth comes into a realization of some of the complexities of the social system he had overlooked—notably the vital, creative elements. His discovery of Paris is one of the great moments of the novel. He is attracted to the energy and spirit of creation in the French Revolution, and not the spirit of destruction; and he extends his awareness of an aesthetic creativity produced in the upper strata of society. Hyacinth also arrives at one of Mr. Vetch's conclusions—that the change will only involve a shifting arrangement of the same elements, and that anarchism destroys, but does not purge and replace:

Everywhere, everywhere he saw the ulcer of envy—the greed of a party hanging together only that it might despoil another to its advantage . . . this was especially disenchanting.

Hyacinth never loses his sympathy for the people and to the end he believes in the inevitability of the revolution with sense of satisfied surrender; but he does not, like the Princess, believe in the inevitability of social melioration. The Princess declares:

Possibly you don't know that I'm one of those who believe that a great new deal is destined to take place and that it can't make things worse than

they are.

With Hyacinth's maturity comes a high ambition—"he wanted neither more nor less than to get hold of the truth and wear it in his heart"; but by the end of the novel the Princess's assumed ambitions to find out reality crumble into the mere passion that spawned them: to an allusion that her attempted involvement in the anarchistic underground may be a mistake, she replies, "but if so it's a magnificent one." Consequently, of the final lots that fall to Hyacinth and the Princess hers is the pitiable one and his the heroic. Hyacinth's "disease" of always thinking ripened at his death into fulfillment and conviction. The Princess, the destructive force, is in reality the one destroyed.

Among the lesser characters in *The Princess Casamassima*, Miss Pynsent and Mr. Vetch seem to be pre-figurations of later developments in the novel; and Paul Muniment, Millicent Henning, and Lady Aurora provide parallels and contrasts to the ambiguities suggested in the characters of Hyacinth Robinson and the Princess Casamassima. The aristocratic nature that Miss Pynsent blindly idolizes to Hyacinth as a child is revealed as a natural aura within him, matures from an unenlightened image into a reality. Mr. Vetch's life forms a more passive parallel to Hyacinth's own progress. Rational, shrewd, evasive, Paul Muniment fits into a pattern of basic contrast to Hyacinth's emotionalism, directness, and sensitivity; and he can be ambiguously viewed beside the Princess for sincerity and love of power. In Millicent and Lady Aurora, one plebeian and one high born, are exhibited two admirable sources of generosity; yet each profoundly bears the mark of her origin.

The Princess Casamassima is more a novel of self-revelation than of social revolution. In the tradition of James, it is a novel of character set against a fertile, significantly related background. The technique effects a portrait-like perspective, the Princess shadowed a bit beside Hyacinth, and all others set gradually back into the design. The color scheme is one of intense, yet subtle, contrast.

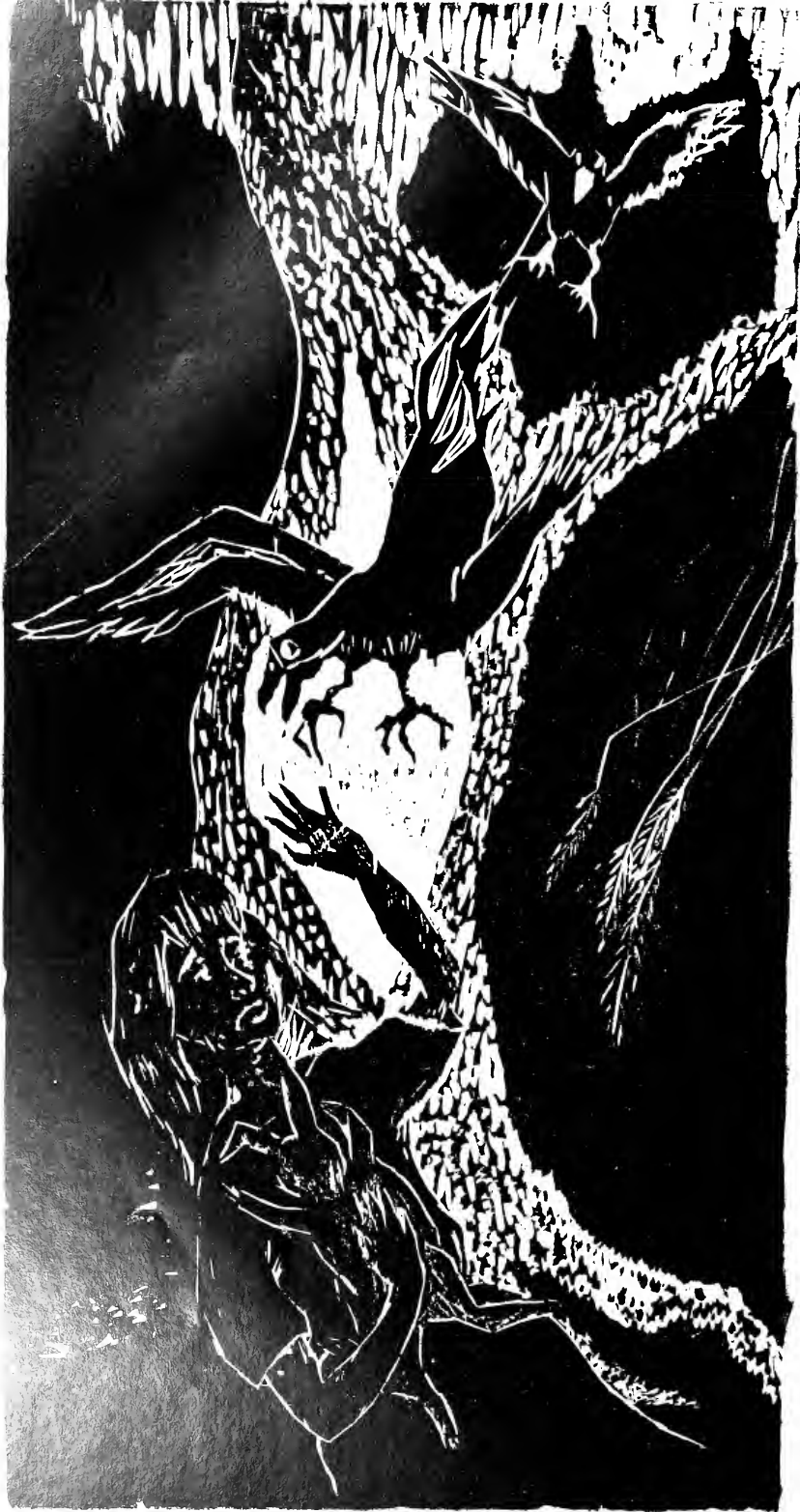
11

Katrina fears the sun will find her heart
And has a room beneath the hearthstones there
Where Edward fast is sweeping with his broom
To earn his darkened room beneath the roof
A tidy dwelling, though not warm (and bare)

Katrina seeks her master after hours
Her full day's earnings in his pocket still
And weary on the stone steps finds her bed
A few coins jingling in her pocket now
And rest, a precious penny put away

Young Edward climbs a similar stone stair
And tucks away his earnings in a sock
And listens for the heavy jungle there
A small bit louder than the night before
And says his prayer and sets his morning clock.

The master warmly sleeping in between
Has hung his pants for pressing in the day—
Katrina to come up and Edward down
Who keep their hearts so close among the coins
That robins are discouraged in the Spring—



WAX-WINGS
Woodcut
Sylvia Wilkinson

Wax-wings

It seemed as if sun-clouds
Foamed with tide-winds
From the sea,
An old river-bird
Floated on the wind
In half-life, half-death
As wax-wings spattered
Against the monotonous heaving
Of grey cloud shadows—
Tearing yet torn by
The dying

The wind shrivled the earth-fire
As they watched, deaf and smiling—
Wax-winds whispered in their half-souls
And a cry-echo
Shadowed the stony things gliding
Beyond the grey winds
"You turn white with false wax-flesh"

But now, the clouds streak the wings with black,
And bleached eyes stare fascinated
Into the flames.

ANNE EDDY

School Days

each day the fairy child walked
the forsaken corridor
her clipped step keeping time with silence
her spindley arms wrapped tight
to harbor fourth-grade thoughts
each day she rapped the door
and lifted high to twist the knob
for he was there, the slender monster
murmuring welcome

13

MARTHA ALICE MILLS

Wanderings

Thoughts are in the creases of this land,
Turned in toward pungent depth and undemanding sleep.
My thoughts move through this air
And make impressions like those my body makes;
The print from dirt and habit of my foot
Stamped in my shoe, no matter how hard
Imperceivable on ground or ground covered over,
From every life is weight like dead leaves
Or dirty wrappings blown into or thrown down
At the bottom of its unpruned hedges,
Where only a slow walk will show them.
For tiptoe gazes are movement, colour,
Making light form lines across the earth—
The curves of snarled cones on swirling branches,
On straight rough-slashed trunks,
On delicate amber tracings;
Snow, asphodel, woodland anemone,
Sea-caps with the sea beneath.

BARBARA WENZEL

Mama let me and Jake stay up till midnight cause it was New Year's Eve. Of course Julie stayed up too, but she did all the time—cause she was a girl and thought she was all grown-up just cause she was eighteen. Course, all she ever did was sit in a corner reading a book, and never helping mama with the work unless daddy made her. So here she was sitting there with an old book on New Year's Eve, while me and Jake—he's my big brother—got out our firecrackers and counted them and laid them out, and gathered up old bottles to explode them in. When it was five minutes till twelve, we bundled up and ran out in the backyard, and daddy sat down on the top step to see we was doing it safe and all, and mama and Julie pulled back the curtains in the kitchen and peeked out. Whenever one went off real loud, Julie would scunch up her face and put her hands over her ears. She didn't like them crackers, she said they was barbaric! Mama didn't like them either, but she just smiled and didn't say nothing. They were beautiful, like colored popicles all chopped up flying through the sky, and they soared up like birds in a hurry and fell like they were hurt or dying. Then Mama said we had to come in and go to bed so we did.

I was sleeping and then mama was there telling me to get up, we had to go down to Granma's house quick. She said Granma's house was on fire! We dressed and ran out to the buckboard and drove so fast down the long muddy road to Granma's house. It was cold and bouncy in the back of the wagon. I kept looking for fire in the sky over the trees but I didn't see anything. Then we were there and we jumped out in the dark.

14

Granma's house was sitting there like always on the hill. Only a whole lot of black smoke was puffing out of the edges of the roof and the open door. A big fire-truck was up in the yard and it wasn't pretty and shiny; it was a big black monster with white lights pointed at my granma's house. And people were all around. Big men in jackets just standing there looking at us and the house and the fire truck. Little boys ran around laughing and chasing two old dogs. They were running over Granma's dead flowers. Daddy kept running in and coming out of the house and taking big breaths. Once I saw his eyes and I got scared. Julie was talking to a big boy. "I'm sure she's not in there; she doesn't stay at night much by herself. Probably she's over at cousin Lettie's or up at the Walker's." I got cold and started walking around and kicking at the frozen ground. I wondered if it was really going to snow. It hadn't snowed here in such a long time, in fact only two times before in my whole life. And daddy said this very night at the supper table that he wouldn't be surprised if it didn't snow this week! Oh boy! I closed my eyes tight and tried to think of how everything would look under snow, and then a man said as he rushed by, "Whew, it's hot as a fire-cracker in there!" I opened my eyes and was looking straight at Granma's house. It was still there — black and smoking. I thought Granma sure would be mad when she found out about her house catching on fire and all. Some firemen were standing around the door talking. Then one of them put on a mask-like thing and went in for a long time. I got scared again. I stood beside mama. She was talking to a woman in a bathrobe, thanking her for letting us know about the fire. Then somebody shouted, "She's in there!" and mama said "Oh my God!" and grabbed my hand.

You know, Granma was wicked. Not really wicked, but just *mean*. Like that time Daddy borrowed her post-hole diggers when he was putting the fence up in the back. Granma didn't *ever* use those post-hole diggers, but she sent her hired boy by the next day to say she wanted them now. Daddy didn't return them until he got through with them, and granma didn't speak to us

for about a month. Course when she did talk, granma used some powerful strong language. And she never went to church, even though people said she was well enough to go anywhere else. They said she lived by herself because she couldn't get along with anybody well enough to live with 'em. Poor Granma! I was sorry for her because her house was all smoking up and she was hurt.

Then Daddy came out and said something to mama and she let go of my hand and started crying. Only it was funny crying—way high up and scared-sounding. I wondered why she was crying—it wasn't her mother who was in there—it was daddy's mother. Mama and Granma had never got along, but mama said she was gonna treat her right because the Lord was gonna take Granma away one of these days. And now mama was screaming. Daddy put his arms around her and kept saying "That's all right." They rocked back and forth. Mama cried, "I'm so sorry, so sorry." Julie came over and held my hand and looked straight ahead. She didn't move. You wouldn't even think she was breathing. Jake just stood around looking embarrassed and everybody was quiet like they was waiting for something. Even the dogs sat still on their haunches in the cold. And all you could hear was mama crying, and then she stopped. A long wagon came up and two men and Dr. Smith were in it. They brought a long stretcher up. It was dirty and black and old-looking. I didn't know if Granma was going to ride in that or not! She was peculiar at times. Two men took it in the house and came out and even Granma's face was covered up. They took her to the wagon and I kept waiting for Doc to make her better so she could go home with us. But they talked to Daddy and then drove off. Daddy went back into the house. I wanted to ask Julie what was the matter but she was shaking all over and mama told us to get back in the wagon so we wouldn't be so cold. I just thought and thought, and then Jake whispered to me, "She's dead," and I felt so funny. I-I didn't want to cry. I just hated it all so bad and I felt so sorry for everybody in the whole world. I felt sorry for Granma, and prayed that she wouldn't have to go to hell. Then Daddy come out and we went home.

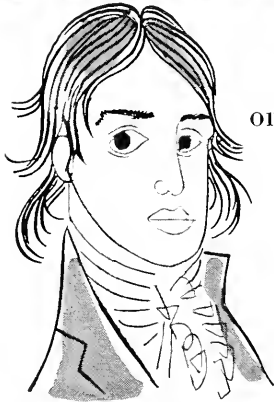
All the next day the house was full of people, and all the aunts and uncles came over and everybody cried, and talked about oil stoves exploding and how good Granma had been. I just didn't understand it because I knew how how Granma had been and I had heard them talk about her before she was dead. But I guess her dying like that made everything good. And Julie was so mad all day. She had to keep the house looking good for all the company and cook for them; and in the afternoon, Mr. Green came in from Centerville with a newspaper that told all about Granma. Only it said that she lived in a two-room house, and it had her age down as about ten years older than she really was. Julie said that everybody would think that Granma lived in an old shack, and that we didn't care anything about her, letting a woman that old live all by herself. I guess that was kinda bad. Granma was real proud that she lived all by herself (well, in the daytime anyway) in a six-room house with a porch and a basement. We had the services that evening and it was cold and wet and muddy. Her grave was red mud clots.

That night it started snowing and I was so excited I couldn't hardly sleep! Everything was happening all at once. I got up in the morning and looked out and the whole world was so clean and glittery and calm-like. Mama was making waffles and we ate, and Daddy got out the big Bible and Julie read our morning devotions. Then I asked mama and she said yes and I ran around and round in dizzy circles till I fell limp in the floor and looked over at Jake, who was grinning and already pulling on his boots. I yelled, "Come on Jake, let's go build a snow fort!"



THE GOSPEL TRIO
Woodcut
Ruth Johnson

COLERIDGE



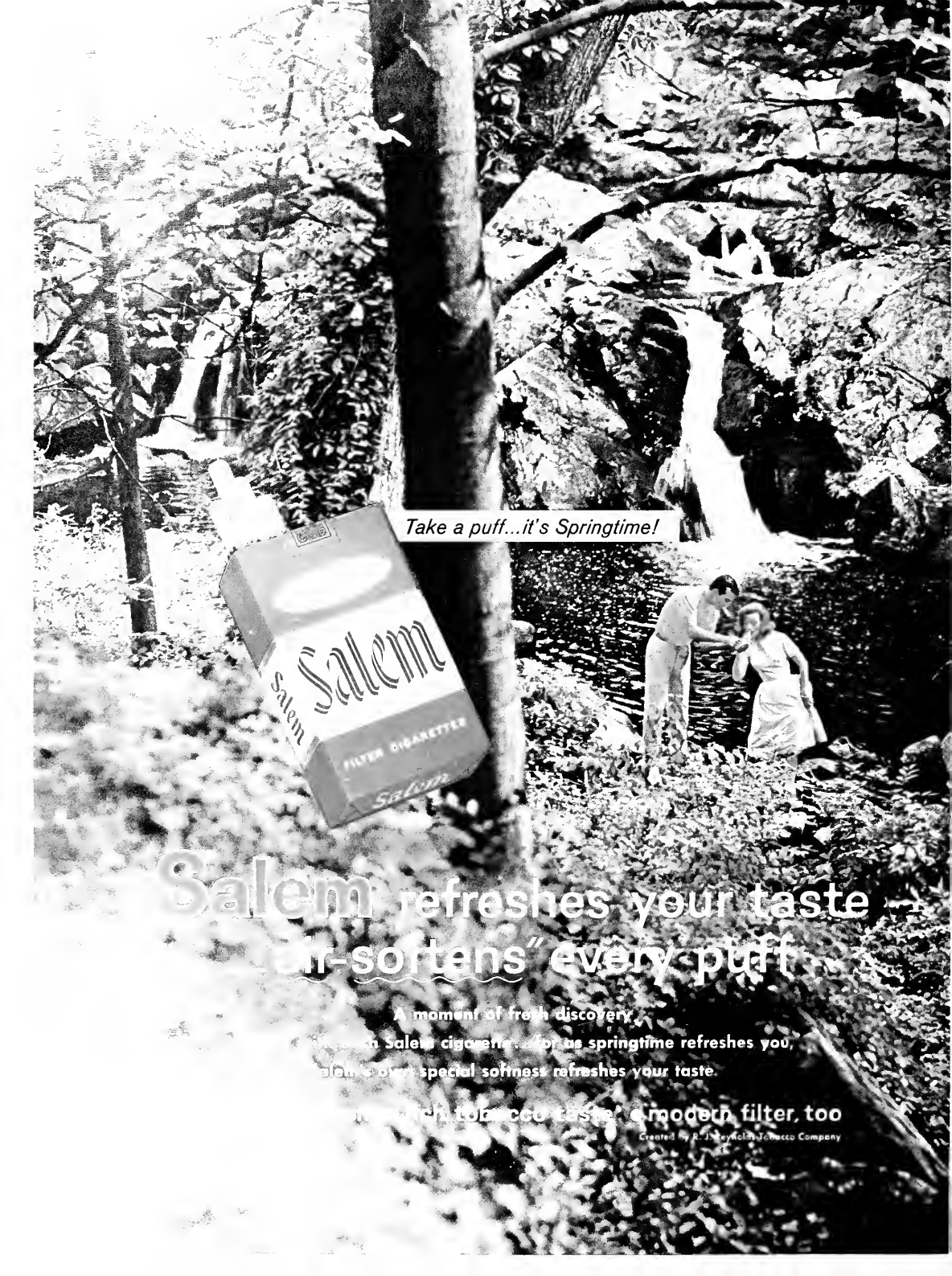
on Life Savers:

“’Tis sweeter
far to me!”

from *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, part VII



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